

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY.

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"Have you a kindness shown?
Pass it on;
'Twas not given for you alone,
Pass it on;
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on;

Motto—Good Cheer.
Colors—Yellow and white.
State Color—Deep Orange.
Flower—Coreopsis.
Song—"Scatter Sunshine."

THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

A Smile.

Just a little mayflower blooming,
Nothing more;
Yet it makes the pinewoods sweeter
Than before.

Just a smile of recognition,
Nothing more;
Yet it makes the world seem brighter
Than before.

—Annie H. Young.

Th poet says: "Live till to-morrow
shall have passed away." But, as one,
now gone, elsewhere, said: "We never
do live until to-morrow." Hence, to-
day is one day only, and must be our
holiest, happiest, best day.

Line Sermons.

Love leads to likeness.
Modesty is the mark of might.
Richest joys are often nearest.
There can be no truth without liber-
ty.

It is easy to call our impulses His
inspirations.

Faith builds no fences between us
and our fellows.

The fragrance of a life depends on
the fulness of its love.

Happiness would be bleak without
sorrow for a background.

Always better is the thorn on the
brow than the one in the heart.

Many men do try to find the deserv-
ing poor by looking in a mirror.

Keep yourself sunny and the Lord
will take care of your saintliness.

The heart gains no rest through
the gold cross carried on the breast.

The man who can be patient with
his corns has a good chance of glory.

Envy another's cake only spoils
our own cookies.

God waits for us somewhere on
every way of pain.

Men need new hearts more than
stronger harness.

"We must remember differences of
temperament. Some people, like Lord
Balgour, have the leisurely tempera-
ment that often goes with a quick,
moving mind."

"If I leave one of my name to come
after me," said a brilliant son, lately.
"I must needs be worthy of him gone
before me."

"Be, as one in suffering all, that suf-
fers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and re-
wards
Hase ta'en with equal thanks."

"With an equal mind, O my Dellius,
Take life's frowns and life's favors."
—Horace.

Give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you."
—M. S. Bridges.

"This is my hope and joy—to look
before,
The past is done; I care for that no
more."
—E. E. Hale.

BOOKS.

An Inscription for a Library.
Silence within my portals, for I keep
Watch o'er the mighty, who have fal-
len on sleep.
Bend down, O living lips, and taste
the stream
Of life eternal, flowing broad and
deep. —Katherine Aldrich.

The companionship of beloved books
is a constant theme of talk, and
thought of poets, scholars and humble
people.

In ages past taking the place of
oral tradition they brought historical
events to us, crudely at first, then
more and more explicitly.

Truths stranger than fiction are
given us; tragedies, facts, touching
the thousand strings to which the
harps of human hearts have ever
responded since the world was.

To sit among our books to know
that they are close at hand to clasp
as one touches the hand of a dear
friend; to care for them. Sensitive
to any rudeness to those treasures
of helps to lofty living, high thinking
and holy dying is ever an inspiration.

To open one at random and catch
the golden thought disclosed gives a
message for the day. Often, which
radiates sunshine in the heart, dis-
pelling the gloom of fortune's frown.

A chance glimpse at some suggest-
ive hint has often changed the current
of a life-time, turning it into noble
or ignoble channels of action, inspir-
ing high-minded resolves, or per-
chance, base treachery and predomi-
nance of evil passions.

In My Library.

God bless them whose affection fades
Not like the loves of men—
The calm, companionable shades
That haunt my bookish den!

These are my friendly ghosts, the
great.

The small immortal throng,
The rulers of the mind's estate,
The lords of prose and song.

But some are dearer than the rest;
Ella's tender heart
Gives to his speech an added zest,
And love its better part.

And here a book of wondrous prose
In reverent hand I take,
And with a tender touch unclose,
For Tom de Quincy's sake.

What goodly company is here,
And how the talk is lit
With gleam of laugh or shining fear
Or flash of lambent wit;

With deeper questioning that weighs
The problems that appall—
The miracle of life and days,
The mystery over all.

What subtle influence benign
Its bloom and odor yields
When sings Anacron of the vine,
Theocritus of fields!

I have rare talks with old Montaigne,
Moliere drops in betimes;
And when their converse flags, I fain
Would hear Beranger's rimes.

The Iliad's living leaves I turn;
With Virgil scan his page;
And from the lips of Plato learn
Of Athens' golden age.

What earthly friends are half so rare?
They bear the store of bees,
The breath of flowers, the raptured
air,
That haunt Hesperides.

From ancient hills of thought they
bring
The old prophetic gleams—
The imperishable charms that cling
To perishable dreams!

The Books are Left.

The books are left—consider it,
That day that sees a friendship flit
Like butterfly to blossoms more
bright;

Or care, the gray moth, wings by
night
Where never lamp of joy are lit.

Though love goes by with grace and
wit,
Unwooded, unheld by man's poor
might,

Not comfortless shall be my plight—
For books are left.

Though in the inn of life I sit,
Last of my friends mine host to quit,
Not all of loneliness shall blight;
I may not be deserted quite
While still, oh, comrades exquisite,
My books are left!

Florida Fall Sunshine.

Many messages of interest have
lately been received. One letter ap-
peals very strongly both to our sym-
pathy and to our duty and pleasure
as Sunshine members. It comes from
the St. Andrew branch, through its
Sunshine editor of the Bouy, and as-
sures us of the love and daily thought
of the branch for the State president,
desiring that some day we may meet
face to face. There can be no ob-
jection to quoting freely from this
very interesting and inspiring letter,
filling us also with a new misgiving
as to an aspect of the scourge in our
State which we have not hitherto
seen presented. "We are all as en-
thusiastic about Sunshine as ever.
We may not be making any great
demonstration outside of our little
city, but we are continually doing
something for somebody in our com-
munity. My motto is, "Let charity
begin at home, and then, if possible,
let us extend it to all mankind, re-
gardless of sex, creed or color." How
often it is difficult to be wisely chari-
table—to do good without multiply-
ing the sources of evil! To give alms
is nothing unless you give thought
also. A little thought, a little kin-
dness, are often worth more than a
great deal of money. Where we are
is of no moment, but only what we
are doing there.

It is not a place that ennobles us,
but we the place and this is only by
doing that which is noble. It seems
to me that the more comfort and sun-
shine I give others the more I desire
for myself. I have never in all my
existence experienced so much happi-
ness as since I joined the Sunshine
Society.

This is such an universal tribute
to the blessings of Sunshine member-
ship that it would be well if it would
lead all who believe in scattering sun-
shine and passing on daily kindnesses
to call and consider themselves In-
ternational Sunshine Society members
and so extend the good work, spread-
ing it abroad by their expression of
its usefulness and helpfulness. Ally-
ing themselves to it by joining it
ranks thus receiving and bestowing
the strength and joy which comes
from united effort.—Ed.

"It is a true saying that love begets
love and sunshine reflects sunshine.
There is yellow fever at our sister
city, Pensacola, but so far we have
escaped and hope that Pensacola will
soon be relieved from it. It is a
very sad affair for them as well as
for us here for we depend on Pensa-
cola for food supplies, and as all traf-
fic has stopped we are staring a fam-
ine in the face. We can scarcely get
the most necessary articles of food,
nothing to say about luxuries."

It is a matter of regret that Sun-
shine can do nothing to bring com-
fort here—perhaps ways will suggest
themselves to our thoughts.

Junior Sunshine. It has not been
possible as yet to visit the schools,
but some of the teachers have given
assurance of the continued interest
of themselves and the little ones under
their charge and kind acts been re-
ported.

More messages are looked for.
From Minnesota this word comes:

"Our Joyful Barrel was placed in
Unity Headquarters by the Joyful
Circle. It was soon filled with dolls,
books, slates and all kinds of cloth-
ing.

"Some people brought things which
they left, and some took things away,
thus the good things were kept on the
move.

"In the barrel was a pair of roller
skates which were given to a little
boy, who was perfectly delighted with
them. Well, the barrel has split its
sides with laughter and good things,

and now a large basket has taken its
place.

"Our Joyful Circle is composed of
twenty-two members. We meet every
Saturday night to have a good time,
and to keep the young folks in touch
with one another. We have a set of
by-laws, and carry things on in as
much of a business way as possible.
We debate and sing. We have spel-
ling matches, and every one is ex-
pected to spell."

This hint comes from a child who
was obliged to go to a hospital. "I
never knew before I went to the
hospital how much fun you can have
with your playthings by just lending
them; everybody in a hospital lends;
so, if you keep anything to yourself
you don't enjoy it the least speck."
—A. G. D.

Four little pairs of socks for infants
were passed on by a kind friend.

All who caught a glimpse of our
Chief Magistrate yesterday must have
had a kindly thought for his great love
for all children. MRS. BRADT.

THE CABBAGE PALMETTO.

Prominent upon the list of Florida
nectar-yielders may usually be noted
the cabbage palmetto, or cabbage
palm—Chamoerops palmetto—which,
indeed, Prof. Cook, in his "Manual of
the Apiary," says is the "noblest Ro-
man of them all." The same work
presents also an illustration of this
tree, which bears about the same de-
gree of resemblance to the cabbage
palmetto as that which exists between
buckwheat and basswood.

While, in certain localities, and un-
der favorable conditions, the cabbage
palm yields nectar very profusely, it is
hardly reckoned as a real and reliable
source by the resident honey pro-
ducer, notwithstanding the almost
endless profusion in which it grows in
South Florida, for it has a marked pre-
disposition to blight upon the slightest
provocation, and is a very uncertain
bloomer as well.

A peculiar characteristic of cabbage
palmetto honey is its tendency to fer-
ment—even in sealed combs amply
protected by a strong colony, it often
bursts the cappings and oozes out.
The same "working" propensity is in
evidence after extracting, regardless
of the thoroughness with which it
may have been ripened. It appears,
however, to materially improve in this
respect after a year or so in an air-
tight package, when it becomes thick-
er, and a very pleasant, mild-flavored
honey. In color it is white, and at
first, unusually thin of body.

The "cabbage" palmetto derives its
name from an edible and very palat-
able portion of its bud, somewhat re-
sembling cabbage, that is utilized to a
considerable extent by those living
where it grows in great abundance,
as it does in South Florida, as may
be seen by the picture herewith shown,
and which gives a glimpse of one of
the streams in the neighborhood of
Fort Pierce, where Mr. James Hed-
don, the veteran apiarist, used to lure
the wily black bass with his now
famous "Dowagiac" bait. The "cab-
bage" of the cabbage palmetto in
some instances affords an important
part of the food supply of the poorer
classes of the rural districts and is
said to be very wholesome.

While it may be wandering some-
what from the subject of bees, to
which the American Bee-Keeper,
sticks closer than any other bee-paper
in the country, our readers may be
interested to learn that the cabbage
is rather a wonderful tree, since it
affords the material necessary for the
building of a very comfortable house,
as well as supplying something
for the table in the way of
"vegetables" and honey. Its tall,
and exceedingly straight trunks
make a substantial wall for a log
house, while its huge fan-like leaves
make a first class roof; the only ex-
pense being that of labor.